

The Cruel Ship's Carpenter (part 2 of 2)/ Lord Uhlan's Daughter

The Cruel Ship's Carpenter (part 2 of 2)

AFS 1607 B1

“And he that did do it, the truth he'll deny, Will hang with God is [young?] gallows oh so high. But he that confesses, it is life we'll not take, But we'll leave him on the next island we meet.”

Poor William, poor William, they'll fell to his knees, The blood in his veins with horror did freeze. And no one did see it but his wicked plight, And he went distracted, and dies that same night.

Lord Uhlan's Daughter

AFS 1607 B2

A chieftain to the Highland bound, Cries, “Boatman, do not tarry. And I'll give you a silver pound, To row us o'er the ferry!”

“Now who be ye would cross [Lochgyle?], This dark and stormy water?” “Oh, I'm the chief of [Ulva's?] isle, And this, Lord Uhlan's daughter.”

“And fast before her father's men, Three days we've fled together. For should he find us in the glen, My blood would stain the heather.”

“His horsemen hard behind us ride, Should this our steps discover. Then who will cheer my bonnie bride, When they have slain her lover?”

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Out spoke the hardy Highland wight, "I'll go, my chief, I'm ready. It is not for your silver bright, But for your handsome lady. "

"And by my word the bonnie bird, In danger shall not tarry. So though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, The water-wraith was shrieking. And in the scowl of heavenly face, Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearier. [A down?] the glen rode armored men, Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "Though tempests round us gather. I'll meet the raging of the skies, But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land, A stormy sea before her. When, oh, too strong for human hand, The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar, Of waters fast prevailing. Lord Uhlan reach'd that fatal shore, His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade, His child he did discover. One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover.

"Come back! Come back!" he cried in grief, "Across this raging water. And I'll forgive your Highland chief, My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves tossed the shore, Return for aid preventing. The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting.